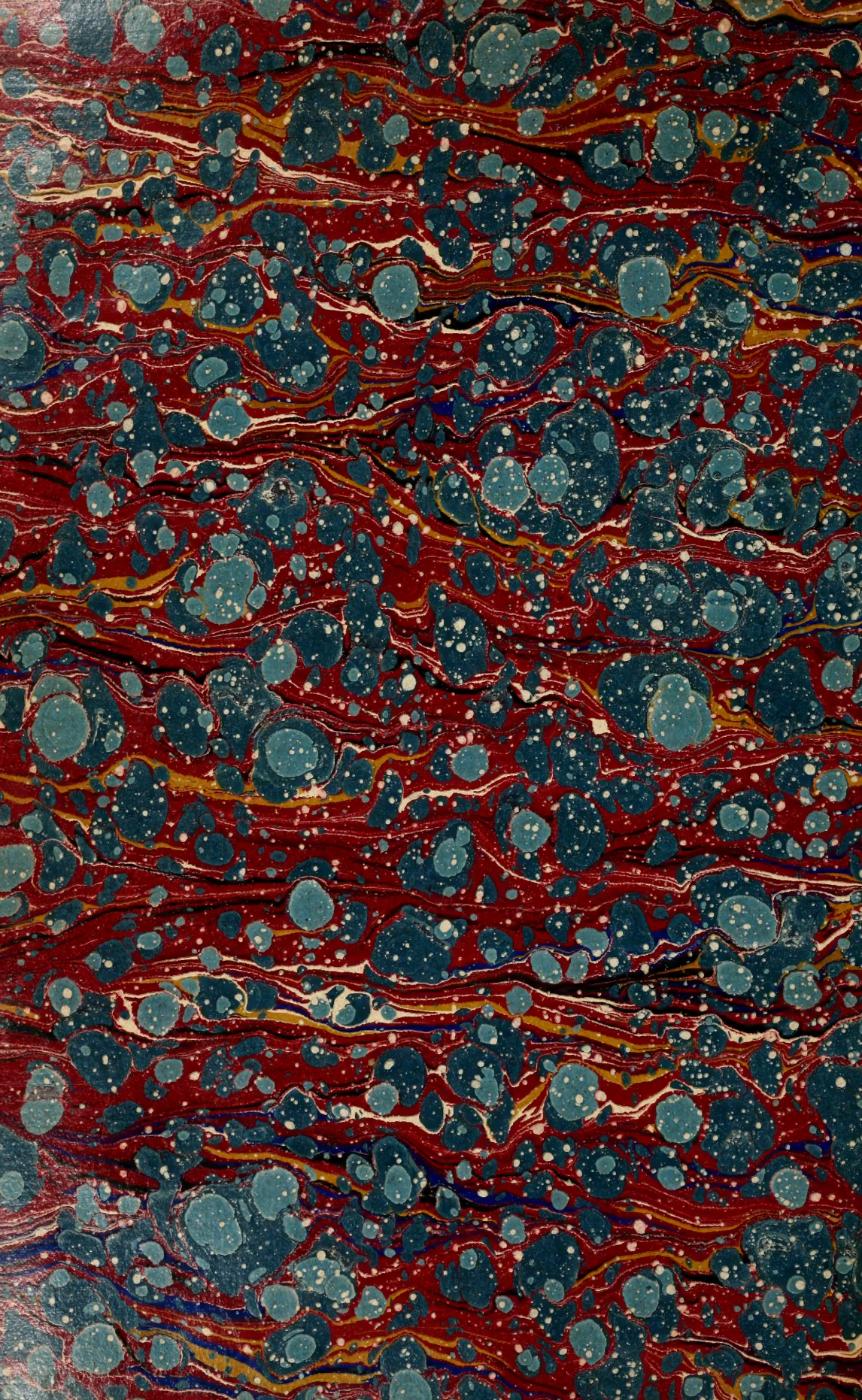


P
LE
LT
O

The Onlooker

A Monthly Review of Current Events—Canadian and General

Vol. I—No. 3 TORONTO, JULY, 1920 Price—20c.

Not Party & The People

Contents

Substitutes for Culture and Experience in Education—Prof. John Squair.

Labor—A Lost Opportunity.

The Amenities of Debate.

Who's Who in the U.F.O Government.

Sir Henry Drayton and His Critics.

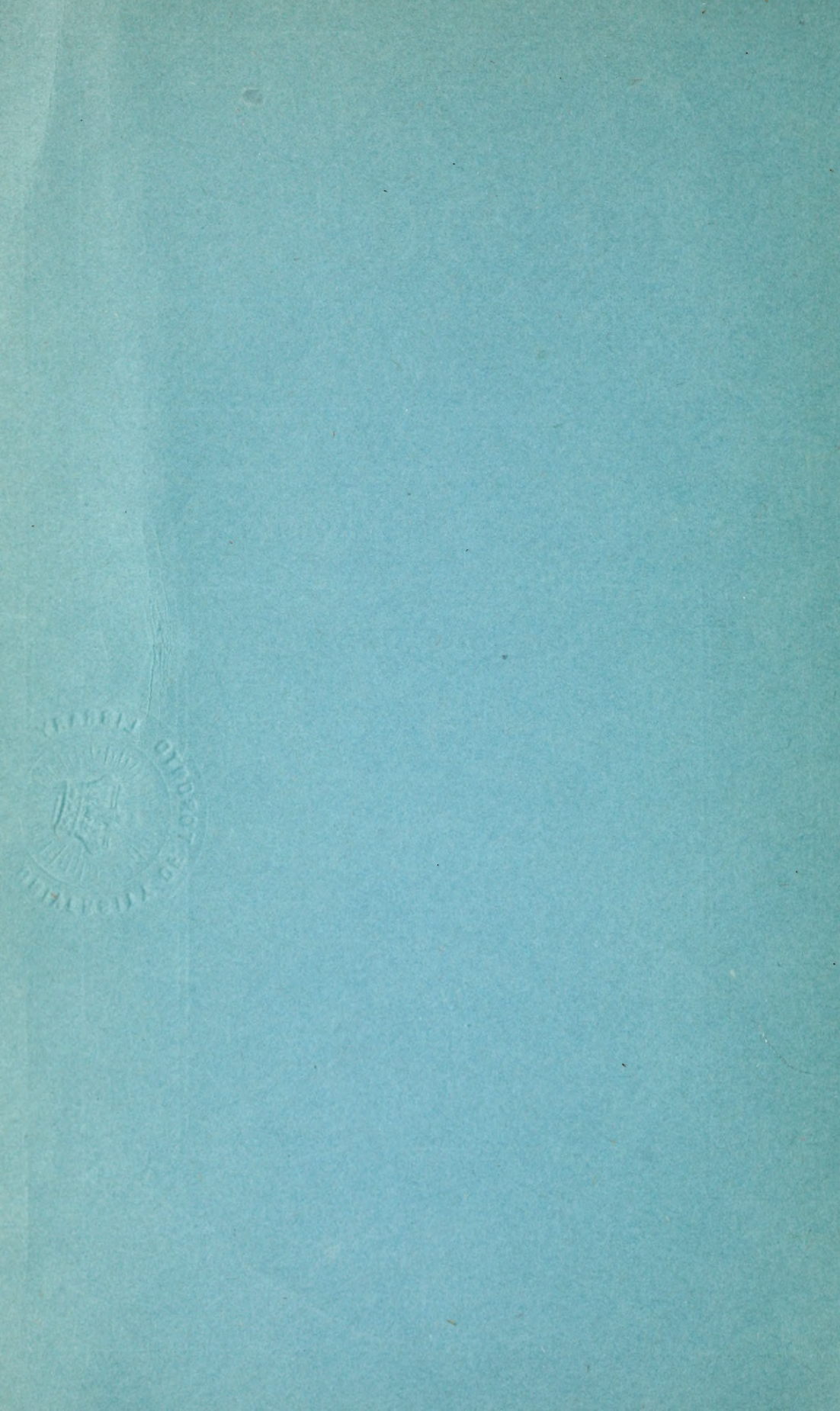
The People's Party.

National Solidarity *versus* the Forces of Disruption.

The Murdock Letter.

ONLOOKER PUBLISHING COMPANY
14 SHEPPARD STREET
TORONTO

304876
10 34
17



NOT PARTY **THE ONLOOKER** *THE PEOPLE*

JAMES COBOURG HODGINS, Editor

A Monthly Review of Current Events—Canadian and General

Vol. 1—No. 3 TORONTO, JULY, 1920 Price—20 Cents

SUBSTITUTES FOR CULTURE AND EXPERIENCE IN EDUCATION

THERE is a great difference between the digging of ditches and school-teaching. If you engage a man to open up a ditch a hundred yards long, two feet wide, and three feet deep, it does not require great skill in appreciation to know when the job is done. But it is quite a different matter when a community of people of varying temper and experience engage a man or woman to take charge of forty children of diverse age, physique, fortune and experience in order to give the instruction best fitted to make of each one a useful member of civilized society. There are so many chances of error. It may only be long years thereafter, that people can say with certainty whether the teaching was good or bad. No bureau of standards yet invented contains the necessary instruments for measuring with exactness the progress of mind and soul in the developing human creature. The doors of the temple of education stand ever wide-open, inviting all the breezes that blow from the miasmatic realms of fanaticism, ignorance and selfishness. Humanity is not quick to discover who the quacks and mountebanks are in the field of so-called education.

And when one set of such operators is discovered and driven off, lo! soon there is another to take its place. Seldom is the pool of Bethesda of the educational system of Ontario, for instance, without its angel ready to trouble the waters. If agitation were all that is needed, the schools of Ontario might long since have been the best in the world. What discussions we have had, and what changes have we not made! We have abolished fees and made all our primary schools free and obligatory. We have insisted on professional training for all teachers. Our salaries have been raised. New schoolhouses and laboratories have been erected. New text-books have been made and remade several times. Kindergartens have been introduced. Arbor Day has been established. Flag-poles have been set up and in many places the flag of a thousand years always floats upon the breeze. New departments of study have been made obligatory. Science and Nature Study are exacted of all. Manual training flourishes; everywhere one hears the screech of plane or saw, and sees the sparks flying from the ringing anvil. Instruction in respect to alcoholic beverages is insisted on. Civic

duties are explained and enforced. Libraries are encouraged. Ignorance is chased by all the possible breeds of the ferrets of "uplift." Official dentists plug the teeth of the pupils so that they may be able to partake of the warm lunch provided by the household science mistress. All forms of kitchen activity are developed, particularly the making of useless and unwholesome cakes. It has truly been a merry dance, and innocent-minded people might think that a time for calm had come. Far from it! As the Prophet Isaiah said, the troubled sea still casts up mire and dirt.

At the present moment there are a number of subjects, new and resuscitated, which are receiving strong advocacy and must be faced by those who guide the educational machinery of Ontario. First, there is the question of the sub-normal child, as popular jargon phrases it. We have, so it seems, an awful development of vice and crime, particularly amongst juveniles, and the most of this is to be traced to poor unfortunates who are born into the world from syphilitic parents. So, special institutions are recommended by means of which these dangerous creatures may be segregated from the normal children. Propaganda will, of course, be necessary before the ordinary taxpayer realizes how great his obligation is in the matter. But the group of "uplifters" are at work, and by means of organization, literature—scientific and emotional—public meetings, and the like, they may so "work up" feeling that new inspectors and teachers may be appointed, and new buildings erected, to take care of those who perhaps may be made worse by all the efforts of fanatics, as has been often seen in the world. Let us remember for a moment what we might call the "scrapping" of prisons and reformatories in the last few years, and what is now proposed, right in Toronto, with respect to the Mimico Industrial School. It matters not who are in the right or the wrong, whether the men of last generation were to blame, or whether the people of to-day are mistaken, the fact remains that we are changing very fast and that it behoves reasonable, prudent people to go slowly and to demand of so-called educational leaders that they test their theories well before asking for huge expenditures for highly problematical schemes. The ratepayers will do well not to forget that, often when there is much outcry regarding reforms, there are office-seekers not far away, looking for places to fill.

In the second place there is great agitation in certain quarters respecting the improvement of the rural school. For years at teachers' meetings the question has been under discussion and various proposals have been made as to remedies. No doubt many rural schools might be better than they are, but it may well be questioned whether they are worse than they were forty years ago. But a new fact has attracted attention, viz., that the school population, and the general adult population of old rural Ontario have been falling off for the last forty years. The school equipment is really better

but there are so few children to educate. It is in reality, not an educational question at all, except in an indirect way, but a demographic question with social and economic implications. Still, pedagogical people have been hammering at it, in public speeches and in the press. Notably three persons have had series of articles in one of our important dailies, beginning in November 1918, and halting for a little in March 1920.

The burden of this score of articles is not so much how we shall improve our schools as how we shall keep people on the farms. And one may ask himself whether any changes made in the schools will touch the root of the trouble. A very reasonable letter appeared in *The Farmers' Sun* on May 19, 1920, which discusses the point as follows: "What a silly supposition it is to suppose that rural depopulation has been due to defective rural school training, or to farm boys and girls being drawn away from the farm to the city by attendance at High School or Collegiate in towns and cities! It isn't at all true. More people have left the farms and gone to the cities and towns who never attended High School or Collegiate than there has been of farm boys and girls who attended High School and Collegiate. The lure of higher wages and shorter numbers of hours per day and a soft job for big pay has drawn more farm laborers and farmers' sons and daughters to the city than higher education has."

No doubt this correspondent is right. It is not the schools that have driven people into the towns, and no changes made in education will keep people in the country unless economic and social conditions therein are made more attractive. Moreover, this statement would be re-enforced if one took the trouble to enquire what has gone on, and what is still going on, in other parts of the world in the matter of the growth of cities. It is a well-known fact that the same shifting of population has characterized the United States as Ontario. The same thing is going on, but to a less degree, in the sister Province of Quebec, where the schools differ from those in Ontario. England, Scotland and Ireland complain of the same phenomena, although their schools are probably better than ours. A group of French writers, of whom René Bazin is one, have for years been preaching the doctrine of "back to the land," and the same situation is present in all western Europe. Evidently we are face to face with a world-wide series of facts for which perhaps there is no cure,—certainly no pedagogical one will suffice. And when we look farther back we are still more convinced of this. Throughout the whole of the nineteenth century we see the subject cropping up in literature, as for instance in Hugo's *Misérables*. And still farther back in the works of Cowper and Burns, as well as in the works of Rousseau and of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. It is certain, too, that in ancient Rome similar topics preoccupied serious people. And it may well be that in the cities of Mesopotamia and Egypt the same subjects worried the thinkers.

A third topic has been revived a little by the fantastic speech the other day of a member of our Ontario legislature, who had the hardihood to advocate courses of pedagogical training for our teachers of one year, two years, and four years. One might have expected something better from the honorable member for Lincoln, who is considered to be a serious man, and a University graduate of 1886. If such a scheme as he advocates were put into operation it is hard to believe that it would ever be possible to recruit the ranks of the teaching profession. The gentleman is reported as having said in his speech: "Indeed, it has been whispered that some of these very appointees openly boasted that they did not believe there existed such a thing as the science of education." If there are such members of the staffs of our Training Schools, then we should thank God, and take courage. There is hope for the future of the country. If the member for Lincoln does himself believe that there is a science of education and that his scheme for training teachers should be adopted by the country, if he were to become Minister of Education, then let us pray that he will never be called to fill the chair.

It is said that the present Minister of Education is a prudent and safe man. It is certain that he has done well up to the present. He has acted wisely in making no long speeches. He has not allowed himself to "slop over," and that is well. If he should be disposed to take advice, we would say, *ca' canny*. Launch into no extensive schemes of "consolidation," particularly at present, when debts are being piled sky-high, and when all materials and wages are soaring at their present elevation. This is no time for "making progress," but for "standing pat." In a year or two the path will be clearer for all of us.

JOHN SQUAIR.

LABOR—A LOST OPPORTUNITY

IN England and on the Continent labor aspires to take over the Government, and by means of legislative enactments seize all the means of production. We have not got that far yet in Canada, because, as compared with the farmers and all those outside of the Trades-Unions, labor, *i.e.*, organized labor, is in a hopeless numerical minority. But the same purely selfish philosophy, the same ignoring of the true function of the State is apparent whenever the leaders of the labor movement get together.

There is something almost pathetic in the attitude taken up: so much is blandly taken for granted, so much is ignored. It is assumed that all that is necessary is the simple seizure of power by means of the vote and that, once power is gained, a new era in human affairs will at once dawn. But men and women are just the same the day after an election as they were before it took place.

Human nature remains unchanged through all forms of Government. There must, for example, be a responsible head of the state; there must be a standing army, or, at least, an adequate police force—some must order and the rest obey.

The basis of government is psychological, not emotional. What we call Justice is a rational compromise between opposing desires; that desire being certified as allowable which least conflicts with, or to put it another way, most helps the general welfare. Law is a curb on desire. Without it society would become a wild scramble for the goods of life, and, in the end, only those possessed of superior cunning or superior strength would prevail. The rest would either be killed off or enslaved. This is precisely what has taken place in Russia.

The fundamental fallacy of the labor leaders lies in supposing that the vote is for selfish use, *i.e.*, that its ultimate benefit is to be found in its use as a means of coercion in the interests of a class. But the truth is that the vote is conferred in order that the whole nation may be benefited by its use. It was never intended as a means of class-aggrandizement. To vote as a member of a class and for a class is a perversion of the franchise, a defilement of it. To seek to set up a Labor Government, or a Farmers' Government or a Capitalists' Government, is an abomination. No one class in the community has a right to seek domination over all the other classes. The division into parties should never rest on group-selfishness, but spring out of natural differences of temperament, heredity, conviction.

Men are born Conservatives or Liberals. There are natural fundamental differences in human nature itself. No harm is done if the race divide (as it always has and always will) into these two great groups. They naturally check each other. A world triumphantly and unassailably Conservative would die of the cancer of sloth and pride: a world given over wholly to reform and change would perish of excessive nervous and emotional strain. The end of fat and sluggishness is apoplexy; the end of neurasthenia is madness.

The whole trouble at the present time is that we are attempting to live in defiance of nature's mandate. Nature really cares only for the good of the whole. The law of the herd obtains in human affairs. Group-government invariably ends in chaos; since the two great tendencies, roughly covered by the words Conservative and Liberal, persist even in the smallest groups. It is so in the English labor parties to-day; and doubtless the law obtains even in the maddest, wildest group in Russia.

There is, of course, but one form of government possible, viz.: a Government of General Expression. In the end even Bolshevism must come to this. For any group, however powerful, to speak of seizing the reins of government and dictating to the rest of society

is folly. To attempt to do so would be to invite death. A careful study of the various groups that plagued France during The Terror would do good at a time like this. Each fresh nest of conspirators arrogated to themselves the right to determine in advance, by legislative mandate, the steps that humanity should take, with the result that the whole nation turned at bay; and as if to show its profound contempt for abstract philosophy and oratorical idealism, placed in power a man with a mind of Draconic Simplicity and a heart of ice. If, instead of the highly superstitious, weak-willed and well-intentioned Nicholas, Russia had had a Napoleon or a Cromwell on her throne in the late revolution he would have stamped out Bolshevism as the Corsican stamped out Babouvisme, and the world would have been at peace long ago. Domination by a group leads inevitably to the advent of the strong leader; for the simple reason that group-domination is far more dangerous than individual autocracy. The race never objects to a tyrant born of necessity. It adores what it creates. Such, as a rule, die in their beds, and history hangs a fragrant garland of remembrance on their tombs. Cromwell's statue to-day adorns Westminster Hall. But with a group triumphant all is suspicion. Instead of one tyrant we have a thousand; instead of the public good the last wild heresy in economics; instead of the smooth operation of natural law and the security and solidity that flow from ordered Justice, mad attempts to thwart legitimate desires and aspirations and insane promises of abundance of everything for everybody without the need of toil. This sort of debauch always ends in national bankruptcy.

There is something tragical in the belief of ignorance that all that is needed is the enactment into law of an emotional conception of Justice. The bitter truth is that, under any form of government, man must continue to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow, and that if he "down tools" he lessens, by his lost time, the hoard available for use. If, in an evil day, misled by ignorant demagogues, he should begin to look to the government instead of to himself for an amelioration of his lot then would his outlook be indeed hopeless. Bread and circuses destroyed the proudest and wealthiest empire of antiquity. Government was not founded and does not exist to take upon its shoulders any of those functions of human activity, in the happy exercise of which, the individual finds, not only gain, but peace and satisfaction. That country is best governed which is least interfered with by the powers that be. The leaders of labor have a heavy sin to answer for in inflaming the imaginations of their dupes with visions of a Social Utopia to be gained by passing into their ignorant and undisciplined hands the supreme power of the state. The state can do many things, but it cannot withstand the nature of things. It cannot, for example, confer endowment; it cannot change human nature; it cannot create wealth by legislative enactment; it cannot eliminate desire; it cannot provide a substitute for toil.

The most dangerous men in the world to-day are the leaders of the Trades-Unions. They are dangerous because of their ignorance, arrogance and selfishness. They act in many cases like men drunk with power. There is no mercy in their hearts for that vast portion of the human race who are outside of their closed Unions. In England they do not even consider the men who fought that they and others might live. They seek precisely what they condemn in the Trust—a phalanx-group possessed of supreme power over the destinies of mankind. In what essential respect do they differ from the Prussianism to defeat which the whole race went through the pains of hell?

Not content with using force to wring the last cent out of a long-suffering public they now dare to threaten the Government, and, in their blinded conceit, would paralyze legislation by wild threats to stop all communication with Ireland, Poland, Russia. Their favorite phrase is "We demand." They would usurp the functions of government, and rule through a cabal in a secret hiding-place. These men but continue the war and in a crueller, meaner way. We would have had peace long ago had they understood the root-meaning of patriotism. They seek universal domination—world-empire—for the Union. The farmer, the peasant, stands outside of their organization. The great middle-class, whom they describe as the *Bourgeoisie*, and which contains the true salt of the earth, is an object of detestation. The Capitalist in this new theology has usurped the place of the medieval devil. They prate of freedom and practise tyranny. They cast their votes, not for the good of the whole nation, but to gain class-domination with a view to class-legislation. They openly boast that once in power they will tax capital off the face of the earth. They propose to make robbery legal; to despoil under forms of law. In this new Utopia—the Bolsheviks are "the first-fruits of many brethren"—there is to be unlimited wages, days of languorous ease, luxury, pleasure without end, and, of course, death. There is not a word of love of country; no mention is made of the sterner virtues; the words, culture, character, chivalry, sacrifice, are conspicuously absent. The name of God and righteousness is seldom invoked. All is bitterness and wrath and clamor. It is Hedonism and Hedonism in its most repellent form—the mechanical. What D'Israeli predicted when Gladstone enlarged the franchise to a class grotesquely unprepared has come true—the vote instead of being looked upon as a means of lifting the race to a higher level has become a weapon to wrest wealth from the whole community for the benefit of a selfish group.

They will be defeated. Humanity simply could not exist under the conditions so nakedly avowed. A Trades-Union group in power, life for the rest of us would be intolerable. Ignorance and incapacity—twin idiots—never yet succeeded in enslaving mankind. Nature wisely sets a limit to the effects of violence. One of these

days the workmen themselves will cast out these ignorant tyrants and recover their true freedom. At present they are the slaves of the By-law.

Organized labor never had such a glorious chance to launch on a new sea of discovery and adventure as when the Armistice was signed. The world was sick, chastened, impoverished. What was needed was thrift and work. All the ancient appeals to the Christ in man to be up and doing for the salvation of society were abroad. It was a time to bind up wounds; to cease strife; to proclaim the truce of God between capital and labor, between town and country. Men and women and little children were dropping dead in the streets of ancient cities; men of dignity and culture in our own midst were living lives of positive penury; school-teachers were scrimping and still turning a brave face to the world; the average consumer was despised and neglected and, in England, bruised and maimed and blinded warriors walked in mournful processions to evoke public pity. A great and unparalleled opportunity was lost.

Failure of civilization! Of course it is the failure of civilization! But it is a failure that makes a mock of Hedonism in every form. Idealism has not failed. *It is Materialism that has failed.* It has had its run; and where is the happiness that high wages were to bring? Strike has followed strike; wages have gone soaring; luxury has become common and cheap among two classes—the wage-profiteer and the capitalist-exploiter—and what is the result? In one sentence—the situation which now confronts us.

The root of the whole difficulty is that labor has got hold of a false philosophy. It is being led into the bog by a *Fata Morgana.* It must present a higher aim to itself than the Materialism which it at once curses and envies. And it must get rid of its conceit. When its leaders talk of abolishing capital and seizing the means of industry they lie. If the industries of the world were handed over to the Trades-Unions to-morrow the world would be starved in three months. Without highly trained technical skill (and the capitalist, the banker, must be highly trained) labor in these days of science and invention would be helpless.

Must then the intelligent working man remain a hewer of wood and a drawer of water? Who said so, indeed! It is the glory of our scientific civilization—itself the perfect flower of all the adjustments of intelligence and experience throughout the past—that it encourages and rewards bold initiative. The man of courage is the one aristocrat whom it recognizes. It assassinates the coward. If a man is content to remain in his niche, preferring a small security to the hazards of greater fortune, should civilization be blamed? The theory of Trades-Unionism would keep him a slave; for the philosophy of Trades-Unionism is that all must share alike in the final output. What chance does this leave for character, superior skill, greater efficiency? The Union offers a dull, drab world,

unrelieved by a single hope. There is no elasticity, no freedom: the whole human herd is corralled. Let the private member try to break out into the freedom of the wild and save his soul and his manhood and he will come face to face with the threatening countenance of the Boss. He can, to be sure, defy the Union and hand in his card, but if he should do so he must take all the risks of his daring.

On the other hand, our free civilization, where fully carried out, makes it easy for a man to slip from one zone of activity to another; from a lower to a higher, till the summit is reached. The walls that bound yield at the slightest push. The history of almost every Captain of Industry is a record of the passage through these diaphanous zones till the final self-realization was reached. What substitute can there be for this perfect liberty and right to raise oneself above the levels of sluggish and contented mediocrity? What wisdom is displayed in interpreting life in its lowest instead of its highest factors? Whatever retards adventure, ambition, courage, is an unmitigated curse; and this the iron-clad Union does. The excellence it aims at is not the full and perfect realization of intelligence, but the hard perfection of the system. Tyranny is the same under all disguises. Prussianism offered precisely this prize. Its Kultur was not the noble liberty of England and France, which is inward and spiritual, but the mechanical perfection of the bureau and the content of the full-fed beast.

Ought Trades-Unionism to be utterly destroyed? No! Trades-Unions are necessary; just as combinations of Capital are necessary —joint-stock companies and the like. What Trades-Unionism stands in need of is transfiguration. "Man does not live by bread alone" but by religion, culture, patriotism and a happy social life. In a sense religion comes first, since by it the soul lives, and in faith we all die, even the atheist, even the libertine. But next to religion comes patriotism. No organization can be permitted to exist on earth that is not subservient *at every point* to the general good. Trades-Unionism seeks to be an *Imperium in Imperio.* It professes to derive its authority from within itself, and more than once has defied constituted authority. Its present aim is absolute power. Without knowing it, it has arrived at the arrogance of Hildebrand and Louis XIV with his "*l'état c'est moi.*" Such arrogance the race will not permit any more than it will permit the dictatorship of wealth. Serene over all, like God Himself, is the State, and to the demands of patriotism every separate group or special interest must yield. U.G.G., U.F.O., Trades-Unions, Quebec Nationalists are slated through to annihilation.

Sane Trades-Unionism, just, wise and fair will save the world; but a Trades-Unionism based on selfishness, materialism, and the lust for power will utterly wreck the true purpose for which it was founded. Its true function is social and patriotic.

Had those in power, Capital and Labor alike, recognized the solemn obligation laid upon them to reconstruct a wrecked world without regard to abnormal gains in the form of grotesquely inflated wages and profits we should to-day be in a sounder position, and, in the end, would have been the gainers even in a financial sense. Forgetting the misery of the world; callous to human suffering, even in the bitter depths of winter; ignoring the divine law of participation; without the slightest mercy on those on fixed salaries, the Trades-Unions and the profiteers, in unholy union, march forward, and are marching forward to certain defeat and disaster. Wages and profits have increased, but commodities have decreased and are decreasing. Driven almost to desperation, the Public is striking and will quietly continue striking. The final ace, which is Capital, *i.e.*, the accumulated savings of the race, has the last say and takes the final trick. Labor has lost a glorious opportunity to demonstrate its broadmindedness, its humanity, its unselfishness. In time it is to be hoped it will realize it and take its true place in the ranks —not a low one—and in perfect freedom we shall build up a fairer and a better world. We laugh at Patrick Henry's "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death!" and in our cynicism, reveal our loss of all that is noble in human life. Yet the truth is that those impassioned words exactly express at this moment the conviction of the race as a whole and the deep determination of the average man to curb both capital and labor in the interests of peace, security, and happiness. Subordination is not degradation, and in subordination to the general good we shall all achieve the happiness designed for rational creatures.

THE AMENITIES OF DEBATE

THERE is one tower from which the white flag of peace for ever droops—the inmost conviction of a man's heart. Intellectual conclusions are fair game. It is quite permissible to use logic, satire, wit when it comes to policies pure and simple. Even in matters of abstract theology and philosophy one may go far and not offend —preachers and professors do. There have been some pretty quarrels in Science—notably in the great battle of Evolution when the theory was fighting for recognition. But when it comes to the thing by which a man lives: his final interpretation of the mystery of existence; his little postern of escape into The Infinite, a man's faith is on a par with a woman's chastity. Among gentlemen, by common consent, personal faith is sacred and immune from attack.

In the use made by the Hon. Mr. Lemieux of certain remarks in the first number of *The Onlooker*, which were grotesquely twisted for a strictly partisan end, and, in fact, perverted, the name of the Hon. Mr. Rowell, among others, was brought in. As the members of both Senate and House had received courtesy copies no great

harm was done. It was a rather stupid performance and beneath the dignity of a former Minister.

The Onlooker does not agree with the Hon. Mr. Rowell in his fervid advocacy of a certain departure in public policy. He is opposed to anything that would imperil the unity and solidarity of the Empire, and can see nothing but harm and confusion in launching Canada as a separate power into the troubled world of international politics. He believes that Britain alone should represent the widely scattered peoples who go to make up the British Empire. That is a fair subject of debate and *The Onlooker* has fully expressed his views in the last number. Nothing would be gained by restating the arguments here. Apart from this difference (which is one of opinion) *The Onlooker* has very great respect for Mr. Rowell, and believes him to be an honorable, decent, able and sincere gentleman.

During the necessitated absence of the Premier the papers generally were full of surmises as to what would happen, *i.e.*, who would be called upon to lead the Government in case he should be finally forced through ill-health to resign. All this is now ancient history and need not concern us here. It was superfluous, and, therefore, uncalled for to draw the Premier's attention to the situation that existed in his absence; but it was perhaps allowable and, no doubt, was taken in good part.

But what *The Onlooker* cannot allow to pass are two interjections which came from Mr. Lapointe when his remarks on Mr. Rowell were being perverted, as perverted they were. The first was "He is too good!"; the second "He is a soul-saver!" Remarks like these are offensive because they touch a man's religious life and deeply wound his *amour propre*. We will venture to state that the vicious personal attacks made on the Hon. Mr. Rowell, if persisted in, will end by making him the most popular man in Ontario. The first thing Mr. Lapointe, Mr. Murphy and the small group who seem to feel that they are in parliament in order to insult the member for Durham know, they will have succeeded in making him a martyr. They are already turning a strong current of sympathy in his direction; and popular sympathy is the solidest asset a politician can become possessed of. If they keep these tactics up the Hon. Mr. Rowell will soon stand forth as the Representative Protestant, and we shall have a recrudescence of the old religious bigotries and hates. Religion is too precious a thing to be dragged as a captive at the wheel of the political chariot.

We would suggest to these misguided men who, forgetful of the high dignity of parliament and the amenities of civilized life, have allowed themselves to violate the courtesies of debate, that they observe in future the Horation admonition "Favete Linguis!"

WHO'S WHO IN THE U.F.O. GOVERNMENT?

THE speech of Mr. Andrew Hicks, described as Chief Whip of the Drury Government, is the most complete example of a verbal boomerang in our Provincial annals; and his explanation is, if anything, worse than his original charge.

We will analyze the original statement and the subsequent "watering down" (no offense!) and leave a bewildered electorate to decide for itself. It is a family quarrel, and the rest of us, who may be described in these days of moral uplift, as "the ungodly," are entitled to sit with the bleachers and enjoy the gladiatorial combat.

According to the original report his words were as follows: "The Big Interests came into the lobbies of the Legislature offering appalling amounts of money to sidetrack certain legislation, but I defy anyone to point to one measure enacted that is not designed to work out for the welfare of the people, as a whole."

Now, this reads like an intelligent, workmanlike report of a speech, and no doubt represents substantially what was said. The subsequent explanation is as follows: "Great stress was brought to bear on them, but we had a body of men *whom no amount of money could buy.*" (The italics are ours.) The stress brought to bear, then, was not social or personal influence. The phrase can only be taken in connection with the explanatory clause. "A body of men whom no amount of money could buy." The conclusion is inevitable: money was offered and refused.

But what is truly extraordinary is this: Mr. Andrew Hicks failed to realize that he was levelling a deadly charge against the U.F.O. Government. The quarrel is between the members outside of the Cabinet and those within. It is a family affair. It affects the personal honor of the Prime Minister of this Province. If these facts were known, and we have the statement of the Chief Whip that they were known, what was the Hon. Mr. Drury thinking of not to at once expose, and, indeed, arrest the would-be bribers? Where was the vigilant Mr. Raney?

We will venture the assertion that not one brass farthing was ever offered by any outside interest to the immaculate rural members, and that the statement of Mr. Hicks is a libel; not so much on the Big Interests, as on the Hon. Mr. Drury himself. We believe the Hon. Mr. Drury to be incorruptible, fairminded and honestly desirous of serving the whole people. We are sure that if corruption were attempted he would expose the whole base business and put the principals in jail. We have, in fact, more faith in the vigilance and honesty of the Cabinet than Mr. Hicks seems to have.

We may dismiss as beneath contempt these wild random remarks of an excited politician intent on immediate applause. We assume that the U.F.O. members are honest men, but to picture

them as stern patriots indignantly turning down "appalling amounts of money" and saying nothing to the head of the Government about it is too much for human credulity. It was meant as cheap flattery, and no doubt, brought forth a roar of applause; but in essence it was the lowest kind of an insult both to the U.F.O. Government and to those who comprised the audience.

A much more serious matter is the picture which Mr. Hicks drew of the purpose and meaning of the U.F.O. and his justification of the impudent interference of its irresponsible heads with the normal course of legislation. Tammany Hall has at times, as we know, controlled legislative activities at Albany; but even in the hey-day of his power Richard Croker, the most complete tyrant America ever produced, did not openly dare to avoid the fact. He had sense enough to keep mum. Not so Mr. Hicks. Here are his words: "Many severe things have been said of the circularizing done by the U.F.O. headquarters, but I want you to deal kindly with any circulars you may receive from those men of good judgment and courage. They are the men who are principally responsible for the existence of your government to-day. As soon as they cease to work, the U.F.O. will fall back into the old party lines, for it will no longer be in touch with the electors. Proper propaganda to insure that the people of the back-concessions and of the villages and towns and cities are kept in touch with the activities of the Legislature is one of the signs of the times for advancement."

It is hard to read this with a straight face. We will venture the assertion, however, that not even Swift in his most whimsical and biting satire ever evolved such a political fantasy. Mr. Hicks has achieved immortality as a political philosopher. He has hit upon an entirely original idea. The Referendum and Recall sink into insignificance when compared with his idea of "Government manufactured while you wait by self-appointed Uplifters through continuous never-ceasing propaganda." Has the man gone mad? Has he the faintest conception of what constitutional liberty means? Was this blether really applauded by those sturdy yeomen whom, heretofore, we of the cities have looked up to as the true custodians of the nation's sobriety, good sense and honor? What manner of political wild men are loose in our midst? Here is indeed matter for serious thinking!

As a matter of fact Britain has always had the Referendum and Recall. It has been the happy custom in the old land for members to return and address their constituents in order to justify their course in parliament and get approval. It is safe to say that no Member of Parliament, possessed of the slightest decency, would continue in his seat if his supporters should unanimously call upon him to resign. It is to be hoped that the same thing is true of Canada. With us, indeed, the members are, if anything, entirely too subservient to their Constituents. If such only knew it, a little

more independence and courage would stand them in better stead.

But because a good custom has fallen somewhat into disuse is no good reason why we should rush to the wild extreme of subordinating all government to the whip and scourge of an irresponsible outside committee. What Mr. Hicks, Mr. Morrison and the rest of these conceited, shallow, moral feather-weights have in mind is actual control of parliament and dictation of all legislation by continual circularizing of the back-townships. They would keep us in a perpetual ferment and excitement. Why not abolish parliament at once and have done with it? Why not carry out the circularizing idea to its logical conclusion?

It is, to be sure, the day of the circular. Every rogue with a cure-all; every mine and oil promoter; every advocate of a new religion; every promiser of something for nothing; every printer of a new novel; every beauty-specialist circularizes, and, regularly, millions of dupes fall for the lure. We are now to behold a new departure. Millions of circulars are to be issued by a self-elected inner ring and, having received "per post" the necessary authority from their dupes, these new gods on Olympus are to descend on Toronto and Ottawa and dictate to our regularly elected representatives just how they shall vote. What says Lowell?

> "He must upward still and onward
> Who would keep abreast of Truth."

Who dares to say we are not modern in Ontario—and moral?

There are some delicious touches in this "blast." Note the subtle flattery in the phrase "Your Government." Yet that the purely rural element may not be unduly lifted up and imagine that they own the earth, in addition to the "back concessions" (who are given the place of honor) we have—note the order!—"the villages, towns and *cities*." How are the mightly fallen!

The perfect love borne by Morrison, Hicks, *et al*, for the Drury Government is most beautifully and tenderly expressed in the lines "As soon as they cease to work"—*i.e.*, stop circularizing—"the U.F.O. will fall back into the old party lines, for it will no longer be in touch with the electors." The U.F.O. Government, in fact, is blind and helpless. Its members simply do not count. The Hon. Mr. Drury lives in a world remote from human passion; the Hon. and philanthropic (with urban taxes) Mr. Doherty is not vocal; the Hon. Mr. Rollo is denied the use of understandable English; the Hon. Mr. Biggs has no vision of hard-metalled roads stretching to infinitude; the Hon. Peter Smith would miss his way to a bank; and the Hon. Mr. Raney is so intensely moral and progressive that he must be kept in cold storage lest something of his fine bloom should be brushed off by rude contact with "the idols of the market and the street." As for the rest, they would seem to be a queer pack of nonentities.

Here is where the members of the outside committee come in! They circularize the back-concessions and, having arrived at the authentic and absolute truth, they order. Well, if this is "Government without a head"; if the mountain has labored and brought forth this mouse, the sooner the electors take these dupes of their own conceit, jointly and severally, by the scruff of the neck and throw them back into the obscurity from which they ought never to have emerged, the better. For this, Mr. Hicks and Mr. Morrison, is precisely the negation of all government and naked anarchy.

The speech, of course, could not be complete without a slam at the Union Government. The old state trick of drawing the Federal herring across the Provincial scent was indulged in. Apparently Mr. Hicks is a true Bourbon—"remembering nothing, forgetting nothing." He and his U.F.O. committee are alone virtuous, wise, progressive, omniscient, and the farmers in the back-concessions are capable, as a mere aside, of giving the final judgment on all things in Heaven and on Earth. We wonder how many Conservative farmers (there are a few left!) were present; and we wonder if the majority of the farmers present were not laughing in their sleeves at this prophet of a new dispensation! Time alone will tell; but we have a healthy suspicion that there is a man by the name of Drury who proposes to be master in his own house while the short lease runs, and who, if Mr. Hicks and Mr. Morrison should attempt to dictate the policies of government will quietly show them where they get off. Only by such courageous defiance, indeed, can the Premier demonstrate to the whole electorate that, even if the present combination cannot last, it nevertheless is a government and proposes to legislate, without impertinent interference from the outside, in the interests of the whole people. We venture the opinion that if the Premier should take this course he would gain immensely in public estimation.

SIR HENRY DRAYTON AND HIS CRITICS

BY common consent the present Minister of Finance is a man of unimpeachable personal honor and of most unusual clearness of intellect. His record as Chairman of the Railway Commission leaves nothing to be desired. He possesses the rare quality of quickness of decision. Almost by instinct he pierces to the essential heart of a problem and, ignoring red tape and hoary precedent, gets at the truth. Such men make rare and valuable public servants. We may add that he has no partisan record, and is possessed of unbounded courage. At the bidding of patriotism he left a position, by its very nature non-partisan, to take up the labors of Hercules. His predecessor was carried along by wave after wave of mad enthusiasm to one predestined success after another. He had, in a word, the job of raising money when money was almost a drug, and

placing voted amounts to the credit of government. It was all easy financing.

The real test of a mariner's skill, however, is not when the wind is abeam, the sky clear, and there is plenty of sea-room, but when the ship is in the midst of reefs and breakers, when the fog chokes and the winds are contrary. Sir Thomas White left his post of captain in one of those treacherous calms when all seems well, but which, in reality, are but the prelude of the "loud tempest and the breakers' roar." It required great moral courage, sincere and deep patriotism and perfect faith in the Canadian people to take over the wheel at such a crisis. Simply, quietly, manfully, Sir Henry Drayton, at the call of duty, donned the financial sou'-wester and gave his first order—"There must be no further loans!"

The Rt. Hon. W. S. Fielding pointed out in his admirable budget speech (the courageous utterance of a true patriot) that we had now reached the point where the government, having drawn on the banks and the money having been yielded up, our financial institutions had no course open to them but to curtail business credits. As long as the money lay in their vaults—a gigantic embarrassing hoard—and business was booming, credit was easy. It was easy because men and machinery and directing brains were at the peak of activity—owing to war orders largely. The moment all this surplus money was actually paid out—and vast sums went to the U.S. in payment of raw material—our banking institutions were forced to scan private accounts more narrowly. Navigation to-day is no longer on the open sea, but along a coast bristling with dangers, and demanding reefed sails.

In this dilemma the banks are doing two wise things: They are increasing their capital so as to add to their reserves against days of unusual demand on the part of legitimate business, and they are maintaining a hoard in New York (which is drawing high interest on call loans and so helping to right exchange) so as not to have all their eggs in one basket. They are wise in doing both. But it means inevitable curtailment of domestic credit and, in some lines at least, curtailment of production. Sir Henry Drayton is up against an exceedingly difficult problem and in need of the deepest sympathy and the most whole-hearted co-operation. It is not a time for carping criticism, but for helpfulness.

Certainly, the attempt to make political capital out of the Budget is the nadir of partisan blindness. Here is a courageous man, grappling with a problem that might well intimidate even the most expert financier, and doing it with directness and thoroughness. In effect he has served notice upon the people that the hour has come when the bills of the war must be paid, not by giving fresh notes, but in good coin of the realm. His Budget may not be ideal, but it is an honest attempt to make everybody pay his share of what it cost to preserve liberty for the world. He is absolutely

right. The whole nation was saved and the whole nation must pay. No one section can pass it along to another section. The new Excise Tax takes its toll impartially; making those who feel free to indulge in luxuries pay for their indulgences but, like the rain, falling alike "on the just and the unjust."

But while the Excise Tax hits every purchaser in daily small amounts it is mere demagogism to try to make out that it is a Budget drawn up in favor of the well-to-do classes. So far as the rich or near-rich or comfortably off are concerned it is the most drastic piece of legislation ever introduced since there was a British Empire. It is the rich, indeed, who are hardest hit. Not only are large private incomes heavily mulcted, but the corporation sources of those incomes are also heavily levied upon. We give a few examples:— An income of $5,000 pays $120.00, an increase of $20.00; an income of $1,000,000 pays $663.190, an increase of $164.033. This tax also applies on corporations. There is an increase of 2c. on bills of exchange and promissory notes of $100 or less and 2c. for every additional $100. Each share of stock transferred pays 2c. As if this were not sufficient the Business Profits Tax is continued. The schedule is as follows:—

On profits in excess of 10% but not exceeding 15%, 20% and so on until, where the profits are as high as 30%, the tax is 60%.

What lying hypocrisy to call this Budget one designed to shield the well-to-do classes and throw the burden on the poor! The rich are sweated at every pore—more drastically than in England. It is just a question whether Sir Henry Drayton hasn't gone too far in the opposite direction.

The opinion of *The Onlooker* is that the Business Profits Tax and the tax on Corporations will have to be lifted if the future expansion of the Country is not to be seriously retarded. This opinion is based upon the simple fact that, in the case of a man with a large income, his surplus over living expenses and luxuries is immediately reinvested in some profitable field, so giving increased employment to multitudes of men and opening up the country; whereas when this surplus goes to government it is at once removed from the income-yielding field. The only justification for these taxes is that they represent the monies of replacement, *i.e.*, the cost of the war. But "You cannot have your cake and eat it," and the removal of these vast sums from the true field of employment will mean that national expansion will be retarded and that we shall all have to economize and work hard in order to make up our lost leeway. We must do this to the extent of two billions of good money before the ship of state gets into safe water.

We pass now to Sir Henry Drayton's personal attitude in handling The Budget. One should have supposed that there would have been the deepest sympathy for a man so situated. There was on the part of the Rt. Hon. Mr. Fielding (the true leader of the

Opposition). The country will not soon forget his big-minded and genially tolerant attitude. He did a nobly courageous thing. He came out as a Moderate Protectionist, defended the anti-dumping clause (the child of his own brain) and issued a solemn warning to the farmers that their free-trade dreams were impossible of fulfillment and would only lead to disaster. It takes a big man to do that sort of thing. All honor to him!

There were two attitudes open to Sir Henry Drayton in introducing and defending his Budget. He might have railroaded it through and claimed economic omniscience; or, he might have introduced it as a rough torso and called upon all hands to help smooth it into final shape. He chose the latter. When the Budget got into Committee and was debated section by section and even line by line, he listened with courtesy and sympathy to all the various suggestions made and whenever real light was thrown upon the subject in hand did not hesitate to amend. He was right in determining that the Budget should represent the best wisdom of the whole Commons; right in refusing to allow the slightest tincture of partisanship to mar his work. It is not a Union Budget. It is a House of Commons Budget, and this surely is as it ought to be. Incorrigible partisanship there was, of course, but it is to the credit of Canada that the really thoughtful men on both sides of the House recognized the grave and perilous character of the times and rose almost into an atmosphere of non-partisanship. The Budget debate was sustained on a high level, and, unquestionably, the keynote of the whole performance was set by the fearless, clear and sensible lead of the present Minister of Finance.

It is a pity that the temporary and titular head of the Liberal party should have felt it incumbent upon himself to deliver a speech without one constructive idea. For the definite, clear, drastic Budget of Sir Henry Drayton the Hon. Mr. King had only the alternative of a vague, nebulous, half Free-trade, half-Protectionist theory. And even in this matter of tariff-revision Sir Henry anticipated him; in fact, cut the ground completely from under his feet in these words:

"Our policy calls for a thorough revision of the tariff with a view to the adoption of such reasonable measures as are necessary—(a) to assist in providing adequate revenues, (b) to stabilize legitimate industries and to encourage the establishment of new industries essential to the proper economic development of the nation—to the end that a proper and ever increasing field of useful and remunerative employment be available for the nation's workers, (c) to develop to the fullest extent our natural resources, (d) to specially promote and increase trade with the Mother Country, the sister dominions and colonies and Crown dependencies, (e) to prevent the abuse of the tariff for the exploitation of the consumer, and, (f) to safeguard the interests of the Canadian people in the existing world struggle for commercial and industrial supremacy.

"As a means of raising revenue, the tariff should be so adjusted as to place the chief burden upon those best able to bear it. Articles of luxury should be heavily taxed through the imposition of customs and excise rates. Food commodities and other necessaries of life, not produced or manufactured in Canada, should, if taxed at all, bear only such imposts as are necessary for revenue purposes. Those produced in Canada should be subjected to such customs duties only as may be necessary in the general national interest to be determined after strict investigation from time to time."

The Hon. Mackenzie King's speech on the Budget, however, deserves a separate analysis and will receive it.

As even an outsider may come forward with suggestions at a time like this and perhaps be of some use in helping to solve a most difficult problem, *The Onlooker* would respectfully suggest the advisability of a tax on Real Estate Transfers including Long Term Leases and Ground Rents. A tax of this character would do two good things: it would stop wild-cat speculation in land and it would provide a large, ever-growing revenue. Why should great American concerns come to Canada, buy up huge tracts of land and not be forced to pay? A tax of 1% on a million would yield $10,000 in the form of stamps. The rate could be made as low as ½ of 1% on small transactions and exemption given in the case of transfers less than $1,000. Moreover, it is a tax which it would be impossible to escape, since to be legal every instrument would have to show, in the form of affixed stamps, that the tax had been satisfied. It would be the business of every Registrar to see that this had been done.

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY

THE Hon. Mr. Drury is finding out the bitter truth contained in the words, "A man's foes shall be those of his own household." Mr. J. J. Morrison, following the unfortunate Mr. Hicks, has emphasized the necessity of the U.F.O. keeping a string on the farmer representatives. Only, he went a step further in ignorance and insolence. He emphasized "the importance of the electors controlling the actual government of the country, a condition that should be insisted on, *even if it necessitated the calling of an election.*" It is just as well to get into our heads what these self-appointed, would-be dictators are after. What they really want is a rural Soviet with a committee and, we judge, a minority in complete charge of legislation. We have here a straight bid for power on the part of a group.

But what these rural hot-heads do not realize is that the present Government is a minority Government. They talk as if they owned the earth. It is safe to say that not only do they *not* represent the people of the Province, but they do not represent a majority of

the farmers. Apparently the cities and towns are no longer to count. Democracy is "to be broadened" by the farmers "sticking together," i.e., Democracy is a covering word for rural ambition, rural greed, rural conceit. It will be a sad day for this noble Province if such ideas as these take possession of the rural brain and lead to acrimonious strife between town and country. Should such a conflict ever arise it would be the country and not the town that would in the end go down. Mr. Morrison has put his ear to the egg and imagines that he can hear the rooster crow. We believe the egg is rotten; in fact, after a good many heart to heart talks with a number of sensible farmers, we are sure of it. The Hon. Mr. Drury has a team of wild horses to guide and control, and if he is not careful, will find himself in the ditch.

Evidently enough, the Premier realizes his danger; but if the speeches he delivered at Picton and Hamilton are self-revelations, the cure he has to offer may well prove worse than the disease. Hicks and Morrison are but political ephemera. The mad scheme they have in mind is impossible of fulfilment. But it is another matter entirely when the Premier of this Province starts out to play the demagogue by putting the Big Interests on the one side and The People on the other. We are quite prepared to admit the Hon. Mr. Drury's sincerity. He has the great merit of frankness. We believe he is honest. But what are we to understand by such a statement as this: "The farmers, as a class, cannot *control permanently* the Province, nor can farmers and labor united, if they use their power selfishly." Granted that the farmers and laborites are immaculate, do these two classes represent the entire population? The farmers and the Unions combined represent less than one-half of the population; the Unions and the U.F.O. less than one-fourth. What about the rest of us? And what rubbish to talk about "Big Interests." The phrase has a sinister significance, but it is a creation of popular imagination largely. If the phrase stands for the active and enterprising business men of the Province, it is an insult to use it in an opprobrious sense. What is to be gained by assuming that only the farmers and labor can attend to the affairs of government, and that the rest of us must be content to delegate all power to them. Is this democracy?

We enquire further: If the U.F.O. and the Unions are for the future to govern our affairs, what is this but group domination of the most hateful and selfish kind? Even if the combination should be successful and free of selfishness it would still be wrong. A true government of The People would be a union of citizens residing, some in the cities and towns, some in the country, and in such a union, the U.F.O., the Unions, and the "Big Interests" and, indeed, all interests, would have an equal say.

The truth is, the Hon. Mr. Drury is like a man lost in a mist. He sees "men as trees walking." Owing to the temporary break-up

of the two historic parties we are in a state of flux. What we really need are words of reassurance and good cheer. We are all sick of agitation, of experiment, of recrimination, of suspicion. Fortune never made stranger bed-fellows than when she threw the Ontario farmer into the arms of the labor-radicals. It is an unnatural alliance and cannot last. The Ontario farmer is a capitalist. He represents the most important interest of all—the land. If a list of his holdings in Government bonds, railways, banks, real estate, mortgages, were published, it would make the mouths of the radical-labor men water. What is the use of a man who wears a label and is the elected representative of a minority group talking about the whole people? Do two groups comprise The People? When is a heap of stones a heap of stones?

No doubt the Hon. Mr. Drury's aspirations are larger and nobler than those of the U.F.O. bosses; but the fact remains that he was elected as the representative of a special interest, and the truth is that his election represents the negation of Democracy. So long as he is content to pose as an advocate of group-interests he is estopped from speaking in the name of the whole people. If he is to represent the whole people he must break with the U.F.O. and the Unions and stand forth as the creator and leader of a new party. Is he prepared to do this? He has himself supplied us with the answer. He is not. He is incorrigibly separatist. In the same speech he urged the farmers to get ready for the Dominion election. The cat is out of the bag. The party he represents, not content with Provincial domination in partnership with labor, is out after Federal domination. We are to have a Farmer-Labor Commonwealth, with Free Trade, a straight income-tax, proportional representation, taxation of business (big and little), moral uplift, and all the rest of it. It is hard to see where The People come in in all this. It is certain that, if the Farmers are so conceited as to suppose that the people of the cities, towns and villages of Canada will patiently take a back seat and allow a group of inexperienced amateurs to experiment at Ottawa, to the infinite hurt of Canada, they are mistaken. In such a course lies ruin, not only for the townsman, but for the countryman as well. It is an extraordinary situation, and the regrettable thing is that, owing to the lethargy and stupidity of the Press, the people do not seem to have awakened to its potentialities. Back of the United Grain-Growers' Association looms the figure of Crerar and the purely commercial group who have grown rich by combining business and politics, and back of the U.F.O. are Morrison, Hicks, *et al.*—arrogant, conceited, ignorant of even the simplest fundamentals of constitutional government.

It is easy to talk of "Big Interests"; but it is hard to define what "Big Interests" are. Would the Hon. Mr. Drury have all business conducted on a small scale? Would he abolish the banks?

Is the town-pump idea to be the ideal? Shall we penalize enterprize, and say to the splendid and courageous business men who, notwithstanding the handicap of nature—we are 1,400 miles from seaboard, and have no coal, iron or copper—have made this Province one of the great manufacturing centres of the world, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"? Is it a danger or a disgrace to have created the splendid business organizations that in the aggregate make this Province the chief glory of Canada? Of course, we have "Big Interests"; but if the policies of the U.G.G. and the U.F.O. triumph they will soon be small enough; so small, indeed, that the farmers will have the whole of Canada to themselves, and may do what they please with the remains. One thing is certain—they will find out that the "Big Interests" of the U.S. will make them sweat at every pore, and that, their rich domestic markets gone, they will have to take for their surplus whatever Europe feels obliged to pay.

And, speaking of "Big Interests," why is it that the bond issues, which have been following each other with bewildering rapidity since the advent of the U.F.O. Government, are all being placed through certain financial houses, instead of being offered, as they ought to be offered, openly to the general public? The last was for three millions at 6%. Why were the People not given a chance to subscribe direct? There is lots of idle money in the country seeking investment. Six per cent. interest, secured by all the assets of the Province, is an investment that ought to appeal, not only to our patriotism, but to our desire for security, and even our desire for gain. Why should certain well-known firms have the underwriting of all the Provincial loans? We do not blame these firms, whose business is legitimate enough; but we have no hesitation in saying that if this last loan had been offered to the public direct it would have been handsomely over-subscribed, and all the expense of underwriting would have been saved. The amount of profit cleaned up by a few of the big brokerage firms in Toronto since the advent of the U.F.O. Government must be very handsome indeed.

The Hon. Mr. Drury may talk and explain all he likes, but the fact remains that the real heads of the U.F.O. hold ideas in direct opposition to those that generally obtain among men of British training. Men are not elected to parliament to represent a group or groups on a precarious tenure, but are sent there as the sworn representatives of the whole people for a definite period. If an outside organization has it in its power to wreck parliament by issuing mandates; if the sitting member must cower in dread lest the back-concessions should not agree with his honest opinions; if, in a word, there is a power in the land greater than parliament, then why go through the farce of an election at all? Why not just hand over the government of the Province to a committee of the U.F.O. and acquiesce in naked tyranny. The Russians have done it.

If the Hon. Mr. Drury were the big, fearless man his admirers claim he is he would long ago have stood out in defence of constitutional government, and put Mr. J. J. Morrison and his following in their proper places. A pretty state of affairs we should have if a group of spies and busy-bodies had it in their power to precipitate a general election whenever they felt so disposed. The people of this Province are not a bit concerned over the Hon. Mr. Drury's political theories, but they would be very much obliged to him if he would carry on the affairs of the Province in an orderly, sensible, constitutional manner, and not go abroad urging the farmers to prepare for a Dominion election. The Dominion election will come all in good time, and will be fought out on Federal, not Provincial, lines. The people of Canada will deal with Federal affairs in a broad way and, it is to be hoped, without any special regard to selfish groups, rural or urban. They do not want, and they will not tolerate, the interference of the Hon. Mr. Drury or any other Provincial premier in strictly Federal affairs. The two fields are apart and separate. Let them be kept separate.

NATIONAL SOLIDARITY *VERSUS* THE FORCES OF DISRUPTION

THE Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden has definitely withdrawn from public life, and the best brains of the two old historic parties have decided to carry on under the name of the Liberal and Conservative Party. No other course was open to them. To pass Canada over to the forces of disruption at such a critical time as this without a fight would be to invite national suicide. With Sir Robert goes the Hon. N. W. Rowell. It is too early to predict who is to be the future leader; that will be for the new party to decide. There is no dearth of strong men.

What stands out with startling clearness is that the days of indecision have ended. The issue is now as clear as noonday; and it is to be hoped that those members of the Opposition who have honestly felt that there was need of a fresh start will now come out on the side of national solidarity and safety against the detestable theory of group-government, which is the only real danger that threatens us.

We are at the parting of the ways. A combination of radical Nationalist Quebeckers; rabid Free-traders, Labor Unionists, North-West Sectionalism (combining business and politics), Laurier Liberals and the U.F.O., once in power, would lead us swiftly to the brink of ruin. The solvency of every business in Canada, and the happiness of every citizen, is involved in the maintenance of Protection and in upholding the common rights against predatory groups. It is useless to talk of The People *versus* "Big Interests." The biggest interest of all is the safety, the happiness and the prosperity of Canada.

The new platform is one that all Canadians can heartily accept. It stands firmly for adherence to the glorious confederacy of free men known as the British Empire; pronounces against sectionalism and group-selfishness in every form, takes its stand firmly upon the ground of equal rights as between Capital and Labor, gives its unqualified adhesion to the task of bringing Canada into line with all reasonable advances made in the direction of ameliorating and uplifting the lot of the working-man, promises the most stringent economy in national expenditure, and takes a bold view of the international field of commerce and the problems of future expansion. No fair-minded man can read this simple, bold, clear statement and not realize that the one imperative duty of the country is to rally round and support the only party that stands for the sacred unity of the State, and that comprises in its membership the ablest men of the two great historic groups. It is a true coalescence of all the talents, and has this tremendous advantage: that brave patriotic men like the Rt. Hon. W. S. Fielding and Sir Lomer Gouin could give their hearty adhesion to its platform and not sacrifice a single tittle of their loyalty and honor.

THE MURDOCK LETTER

WHEN a man makes a serious charge against anybody and immediately departs to another country the natural inference is that he is moved more by personal chagrin and spite than by a disinterested love of truth. A fair fight is one thing, but to explode a bomb and run is typical of the foul fighter.

The letter of Mr. Murdock is surely one of the most extraordinary resignations ever penned. It is a mixture of personal vituperation, directed against the other members of the Board, conceit, demagogism, open insult cast at every member but one of government, fawning flattery of the Premier, and sickening self-praise. A true patriot would have stood to his guns and not have run away. No man has a right to make the charges Mr. Murdock has made and place the accused parties (in this case the whole Cabinet) in a position where reply is impossible, and, in fact, would be absurd. A whole government cannot carry on a controversy with one of its own ex-servants; especially when that servant has the advantage of geographical distance and another flag in his favor.

Mr. Murdock had a perfect right to resign, and he had a perfect right to give Sir Robert Borden his reasons for doing so; but he had no right to couch his resignation in language such as he has used. He has turned a letter of resignation into a manifesto against the Government and has, in effect, charged that, with the exception of Sir Robert Borden, the whole Cabinet was in conspiracy to defeat

and nullify the work of the Board of Commerce. This is simply incredible.

Running through his wild, bad-tempered production is the basic thought that the Board of Commerce held a general brief against the manufacturing and financial interests of Canada. In Mr. Murdock's purview it had unlimited power to proceed against, arraign and curb, in every conceivable direction, the business activities of the Dominion. It is evident that he mistook himself for the Government, the law and everything else. The Board of Commerce had very wide latitude given it, but it had no such power as this. In fact no government would dare to delegate such power to any Board or Commission under any circumstances whatsoever. Boards are under the control of responsible ministers of the Crown, who alone are competent to act on the evidence supplied, and then only with the approval of Parliament. A pretty situation we would be in if created bodies should be allowed to arrogate to themselves the supreme power of the State.

It was, we take it, the function of the Board of Commerce to get at specific instances of profiteering and place this information at the disposal of the Government. The Government had to consider whether or not profiteering had been indulged in—not Mr. Murdock or his confrères. Surely it must be apparent to any man possessed of even rudimentary common sense that the one imperative thing to do at the present time is to keep the business world solvent. Business has rights. If our business men are to be at the mercy of radical hot-heads like Mr. Murdock; if charges can be made by a Board that acts as prosecuting attorney, judge and jury all in one, and there is no redress, how would it be possible to conduct business at all?

The insolent attitude of this subordinate and created official towards business in general is fully shown in the 14th reason given for his resignation: "That on the 28th day of January, 1920, when this Board issued a declaration *challenging the right of the Cabinet to interfere* on behalf of the textile manufacturers, etc." The textile manufacturers pleaded that it would cost the vast sum of $1,500,000 to prepare the data asked for by the Board. They naturally demurred. They were quite right; they ought to have gone further; they ought to have absolutely refused. It is the right of a prisoner at the bar to refuse to incriminate himself. A pretty state of affairs we should have if a *subordinate and created Board* should have the right to impose upon every manufacturer and business man in the country the burden of collecting the very data which it was intended to use in a possible suit against him. In the case of a manufacturer, or a group suspect, the Government would have the right to gather through *its own agents* the data it required; but to ask a suspected prisoner to supply the court with all the evidence in a case against himself is simply absurd.

It is hard to know where to begin or to leave off with this exasperating document. The first three reasons reveal the egotism, suspicion and recklessness of the writer. Mr. Murdock performs once more the low, ill-bred trick of attributing base motives to another and then charging him with having originated them. The first gratuitous assumption is couched in these words: "First—That the majority of the Cabinet, of which you are the honored leader, are not and never have been in sympathy with the provisions and intent of the Board of Commerce Act and of the Combines and Fair Prices Act."

How did Mr. Murdock get at the inner consciousness of each member of the Cabinet? Mean and unwarranted suspicion breathes in every line of this utterance. All the members of the Cabinet but, presumably, Sir Robert Borden, are hypocrites. There is not a shred of evidence adduced to back up this charge.

"Second—That your advisers only recommended to Parliament the passage of those Acts as a result of temporary alarm incident to the Winnipeg strike and other strenuous demonstrations when the people demanded *some means of controlling profiteers.*"

A more outrageous perversion of truth was never penned. The Winnipeg strike was inaugurated by Anarchists and Bolsheviks intent on destroying all settled government. In their "holy and just eyes" all profit, of any kind whatsoever, was looked upon as robbery. They did not stop at violence, intimidation, tyranny, subordination of all law and order to attain their mad end. To say that the Government created the Board of Commerce *because of* the Winnipeg sedition is to pen an outrageous falsehood. But if Mr. Murdock knew all this, why did he have anything to do with the Board of Commerce? In penning those lines he condemns himself.

The third reason given that the work of the Board of Commerce was minimized because the members of the Cabinet held stock in, or were financially interested in, certain unspecified businesses is so obviously dictated by malice as to hardly merit recognition. We believe that there is not the slightest shred of evidence to bear out this mean and libellous assertion.

The fourth reason contains what is, perhaps, the real cause of Mr. Murdock's failure to effect anything of value as a member of the Board. It reveals very clearly and unmistakably his pronounced socialistic and bureaucratic leanings. On that account it has a distinct value. He objected to the Chairman of the Board because he was regarded as "safe and sane" by the business interests of the country. Does Mr. Murdock contend that on a Board of Commerce business should not be represented? Labor was. Business in a sense is the *organized* activity of the whole people. Should the consumer alone be considered and not the producer? All we have got to say is if the Chairman really did believe that profit-

taking is "determined alone by the so-called market price and is governed by the law of supply and demand" he had hold of an unassailable theorem of political economy. Since the days of William the Conqueror, and even earlier, all attempts to regulate prices by mandate of government have failed.

The animus of Mr. Murdock to the whole business world is apparent in every line of this strange production. There is not the slightest recognition of the fact that high prices were caused by enormous wages, shortage of all basic materials, falling off in production and wild extravagance. The job really was beyond the Board, as it is beyond the Government. The whole theory of arbitrary price-regulation was predestined to failure. During the actual incidence of war and famine rationing can be carried through by *force majeure*, but in times of peace a free people will not submit to vexatious regulations. Even in Germany, the most bureaucratic of nations, the system of state control of prices was a ghastly failure. It has been a failure in the United States and England.

It is easy to read between the lines of Mr. Murdock's letter why the Board of Commerce did not function smoothly. The real reason was Mr. Murdock himself. He was put forth as Labor's representative and he was a poor choice. He evidently believed that it was his business to ride rough-shod over all the business interests of the country and "raise Hell" generally. His letter of resignation reveals him as a man of intemperate language, perverted judgment and hopelessly biased against the whole business world. Judge Robson has already given him the lie, so has the Hon. Mr. Calder, and, we doubt not, so will the other members of the Cabinet.

How much in earnest the Government is in the matter is shown by their determination to carry the Combines and Fair Prices Act to the Privy Council in order that the Board of Commerce may understand clearly their powers to investigate and administer. That power, as a result of a recent decision, or, rather, tie of the Supreme Court, is at present vague. How is the Government to be blamed for this? We are a law-abiding people, are we not? Men who have made capital investments have their rights as well as consumers, have they not? But because the Government did not immediately complete the Board at Mr. Murdock's demand, but courteously asked him to "carry on" pending the final legal decision of the supreme law-making body in the Empire he "blew up," and in a document of unparalleled effrontery insults and vilifies men whose patriotism, ability and honor are beyond question.

The cool impudence of the opening lines of his production passes belief. "The reasons for my resignation given in this form (which I appreciate, as you and others will, as unusual, in fact, possibly unheard of) can be summed up," etc. A sense of shame evidently came over him as he neared the end and he writes: "I apologize for handing a copy of this to the press at the same time

it is sent to you." Apologizing in advance for an insult! Then follows the foulest passage of all: "The present position of the Board of Commerce is the result of your unfortunate illness and necessary absence from Canada." That is, the members of the Cabinet, who have all along given the most whole-hearted loyalty to the Premier, took advantage of his absence to destroy the efficacy of the Board of Commerce! Could ignorance and bad manners go further than this?

Mr. Murdock, Labor's own chosen representative on the Board of Commerce, goes back to the Vice-Presidency of the Trainmen's Union and will take up his residence in Cleveland, Ohio. He is out of the country, let us hope, for good. We can spare him. When the functions of the Board of Commerce are clearly defined it will go on and do the work designed. That work will be one of investigation of facts, in order that Parliament may act with justice and intelligence, so as to conserve legitimate business on the one hand, and protect the average consumer against the rapacity of both capital and labor on the other. If the Hon. Mackenzie King is well advised he will side with the Government in this matter, for above and beyond all else what is truly involved is the dignity and honor of Parliament.

CRISPS

There is no tyranny like the tyranny of the heart.

There is a strain of latent ferocity in every emotionalist.

When Liberty rests on reason all is safe; when on emotion there is endless turmoil.

Democracy is secure so long as its members recognize the right of its most intelligent members to govern and control.

It is easy to reform the world; but hard to begin with oneself.

Idealism without a breakfast may be absurd; but materialism without a soul is tragic.

The aristocrat is of Nature's own creation: caste is the work of man's hands. Epictetus was a slave; Marcus Aurelius was born in a palace; yet both were true aristocrats.

When the classics are studied once more, not because they are old, but because they are superlatively beautiful and full of the wisdom born of experience, the reign of the crank in education will cease.

We have standardized education now for a decade, and the net result is bad English, bad manners, and bad sense.

Without newspaper and magazine notoriety the modern professional uplifter would quickly perish.

CARMINA

By James Cobourg Hodgins

WOOD-LONGINGS

Pent inland here I pine for waterways,
For silent nights and ghostly forest sounds.
Oh, Pan! thy spell cast o'er me, let me hear,
Instead of voices charged with hate and strife,
The noise of running waters, the clear splash
Vibrant, metallic of the leaping fish;
The sudden whirr of wings, the lonesome cries
Of night-birds piping in the shadowy dusk.
Deep, primal longings, lords of death and pain,
Cry to my soul and urge with pleading power:
"From these pent walks flee thou unto the woods!"
And, chained in body, I, in spirit, roam
Dim trails forlorn and waters unexplored.

Once more the siren-river softly calls
To launch and float where time and pain are not.
Once more the eddy sings unto the oar
Its elfin music, and the little waves
Gurgle and laugh beneath the rushing keel.
Afar, some tall pines on a tongue of land
Beckon us through the haze, and, in full play,
The demon of the rapid, fretfully
Spouts the mad waters in his petulance
To fright the river-nymphs and wind-born fays.
Full well he hears our light approach! His wrath
Changes its note to one mad, deafening roar.
Into a green translucence swift we glide,
Passing the bubbles as they whirl and float,—
Gay voyageurs unheeding of their doom!
Fierce water-harpies fain would suck us down.
Mad monsters plunge and rear, and, driven back,
Curl up and spit their spume athwart our eyes.
Half-blinded, wet, deafened with all the din,
We gather strength for one last desperate rush.
Quick flash our paddles, twinkling like the wings
Of wild duck fleeing from some marshy lair.
Our frail craft, urged by mighty force, half-leaps
Out of the toss and turmoil towards one wave
That gathers all the river in its arms,
And breaks it on a ragged spine of rock.
We mount, we leap sheer on the topmost crest—
Poise for one instant between life and death—

Then with one burst of strength, we lift her clean
Out of the monster's teeth, slide gently down,
And rush in safety to the tranquil bay.

Again I see our spectral tent at dusk
Glimmer, a ghost-like thing, among the trees;
Like a wan sail beneath a lurid sky.
Ages ago, in some dim, troubled past,
A rapid roared—it roars no longer now!
There was a city; we had names—a dream!
The sun has sunk, but far into the night
His dying splendor lingers: mystic clouds
Float in a pale green sea: the farthest land
Fades, and the river darkens into night.
Now doth the dusky mother croon her songs
Nocturnal, weird, beyond the lure of speech:—
Sibilant water-hisses; sleepy cheeps
Of dreaming songsters; strange, shy pipes that pierce
The liquid darkness; sudden, glad replies;—
Snatches of anthems from the organ-pines;
Whisperings of wild regret from river reeds;
Sardonic laughter from the wraith-like loon.
Far overhead a swan drops one clear note
From the far loneliness through which he speeds,
And wild geese honk, and restless marsh-birds splash.
Hark! the true minstrels of the night begin!
A noisy chorus of swart river-frogs—
Aristophanean croakers from old time.
The night-jar on a sudden tears the air.
A few large stars appear. The wind has ceased.
The waters darken. Shadows fall. No moon
Tempts us from sleep. The camp-fire dies to grey.
We sleep, and with us sleep the stately pines,
Tired of their ceaseless yearning towards the sky.
We sleep, but the eternal river sighs,
So long its journey seems to God—the sea!

Once more 'tis morning; and a wind-swept sky
Of deepest blue tempts nature forth to life.
After a sweet awakening and wild plunge,—
Sudden, swift, grateful,—to the beryl depths
Of pine-fringed pool, we hurry back to camp
And sun ourselves in streams of quivering light.
Soon fires are lit. Then comes the grateful meal,—
Eaten as old gods ate before man fell
From sanity and comradeship with trees.
Quickly we launch our craft; and far we float,

Careless of time and space, to happy isles,
Odorous with balsam, ringed with flashing foam.
Arrived, some fish, some hunt, some idly lie
On beds of grey rock-moss, and, in half-doze,
Watch water-lizards sprawl on hot, bare rocks;
And dream of Greece, what time the grass-hopper,
With fairy lute, fills all the resonant air.
When the sun sinks we homeward turn our prows;
And soon our frail crafts rest upon the sand.
Gloom, loitering late, we while the waning hours
With song and tale from many an old romance.
At last come bed,—deep respiration,—sleep.

Thus, one in spirit with inviolate things,
Pent inland here as in a monster's toils,
And far from nature's healing and her calm,
I, longing for her purifying touch,
Exiled in body, cry, "The woods! The woods!"

THE CAMP-FIRE

Red eye, that watchest throught the night!
  Grey desolation in the dawn!
Thy reek the panther doth affright;
  Thy pungent odor scares the fawn.

Heart of the larch is thine to eat;
  Blood of the pine is thine to lick;
The oily birch-bark fans thy heat,—
  Its dense smoke circles black and thick.

Thy flames go roaring into space;
  Like fiery moths the sparks ascend,
Waltz, pirouette, gyrate in chase,
  And somewhere in the darkness end.

Within thine orange closure stand
  The rough-barked pines, unmoved and grim;
On their broad bases with deft hands
  Fantastic pictures thou dost limn.

A little symbol in the vast
  Of warmth and joy thou surely art!
Here, lip from lip, the light jest passed;
  Here heart expanded unto heart.

COMPLETE SET

Canadian Monthly

13 Volumes from 1872-1878

CONTINUED AS

Rose-Belford Magazine

8 Volumes from 1878-1882

Making a full set of 21 volumes (7″ x 10″) well bound in half Morocco.
Contains articles by Goldwin Smith and other eminent writers.

The price of this set is $100.00.

The Hunter-Rose Company, Limited
12-14 Sheppard Street, Toronto

The moral agitator mistakes for the will of God his own ineffable conceit. The will of God, once recognized, crushes us into dust and silence.

For those who cannot appreciate the glorious fun of *Punch* a provision has been made in the American cartoons.

THE ONLOOKER

A Monthly Review of Current Events—Canadian and General

"The Onlooker" is published every month at 14 Sheppard St., Toronto. by the Onlooker Publishing Company.

Single copies 20 cents. Subscription two dollars ($2.00) per year payable in advance.

Advertising rates on application.

The Life of
David Lloyd George

By

HERBERT DU PARQ, M.A., B.C.L.

AND

WALTER ROCH

M.P. for Pembrokeshire from 1908-1918

A complete Biography from his early days down to the present time.

Published in four volumes (10″ x 7″) handsomely bound in cloth, with gilt lettering on back and sides, by

The Caxton Publishing Co. LIMITED

LONDON, ENGLAND

Virtue & Company, Ltd., 339 Church St., Toronto

CANADIAN AGENTS

Our first consignment consists of one thousand sets, to be placed at an introductory price of $15.00 per set. Fill in and mail the coupon and the Books will be sent to you at once.

VIRTUE & COMPANY, LIMITED

339 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

Please send me, all charges prepaid, the first three volumes of "The Life of David Lloyd George." If not satisfactory I will return them in five days, otherwise I will remit $1.00 in five days and $2.00 per month for seven months and I am to receive without charge the fourth volume as soon as it is released from the press.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

BOOKS WORTH READING AND GIVING

The Heart of Cherry McBain

By Douglas Durkin

This is a romance of Canada's West, not the west of the mines or the ranches or the big timbers, but of the nation's frontiers where men and women meet and work and nurse new hopes in virgin valleys and fertile plains.

Cloth, $1.50 net.

The Cow Puncher

By Robert J. C. Stead

Mr. Stead's story of a young ambitious cow puncher who becomes a rich man and finally goes to war, is one of the most wholesome books of recent Canadian fiction. **Cloth, $1.50 net.**

The Homesteaders

By Robert J. C. Stead

A breezy glimpse of life on the Canadian prairies. Apart from interest in the story, the delineation of characters, and clear views of their everyday life give this book an especial charm. **Cloth, 85c**

Bob and Bill See Canada

By Alfred E. Uren

An illustrated travel story written for young Canada. Written in an unusually interesting, entertaining and instructive manner, in smoothly flowing rhymes that tell of the leading features and charms of our country from coast to coast. Those that read it will have a better conception of Canada and things Canadian.

15 illustrations. Cloth, $1.25.

Kitchener and other Poems

By Robert J. C. Stead

Mr. Stead sings of the West, her prairies, her patriotism, her rugged people and her prevailing optimism. The title poem is a gem of the first water, while those entitled, "He sleeps in Flanders," and "Why Don't They Cheer?" are exquisite and true expressions of the spirit of the times. **Cloth, $1.00 net.**

Leather, boxed, $2.50

The Birds of Peasemarsh

By E. L. Marsh

Pure pleasure awaits the reader and bird lover who takes up this book, for the sketches of Canadian birds and Canadian bird life are so delightfully presented by the writer.

Profusely Illustrated. Cloth, $1.60 net.

Leaders of the Canadian Church

By Wm. Bertal Heeney

A book of value, historically as well as personally. When it is seen that the title page contains such names as Bishop Inglis, Bishop Medley, Bishops Bond, Baldwin and Carmichael, it will be unnecessary to state that many who are not essentially church people will be interested for these are names to conjure with, and they were men who would have left an indelible stamp on history, no matter what path they had chosen.

Illustrated. Cloth, $2.50.

Flint and Feather

By E. Pauline Johnson

Miss Johnson's legacy of verse will be treasured for generations to come for its individuality, its virility, and for its complete expression of love for the redmen and their free life, and grandeur of Canadian scenery, and for various noble elements in our early civilization.

Cloth. $2.00.

The Canadian Lake Region

By Dr. Wilfred Campbell

The continuous chain of superb lakes and noble waterways of Canada are unequalled anywhere in the world for their beauty, history, romance and mystery.

Profusely Illustrated. Cloth, $1.50.

An important feature about all the books listed on this page, is that each one of them is a

MUSSON
ALL CANADIAN PRODUCTION

A guarantee that each book is of sufficient merit to manufacture a large edition in Canada.

THE MUSSON BOOK CO., LIMITED, Publishers, TORONTO